

Praying

Gene Watson

Praying
Praying for someone like me

Not long ago, I was thinking of home
And I wondered if Mama was there all alone
I thought I'd drop by like I've done before
But the sound from within made me stop at the door

She was praying
A sound that the world seldom hears
Praying
Her words were pleading and clear
The sound of her voice as she called my name
Brought tears to my eyes, my heart filled with shame
Praying
Praying for someone like me

I was walking one night and I felt so alone
My heart was weary from the troubles I've known
I hadn't noticed a church that was near
'Til the sound from within seemed to fill the air

They were praying
A sound that the world seldom hears
Praying
The children that God loves so dear
Outside in the darkness, I could not see
But I could picture them there on their knees
Praying
Praying for someone like me
They were praying
Praying for someone like me